----- The young man coming up the walk paused to look at the address in his notebook. Yes, this was it-"114 Elm street," the directory had said. The ball door stood wide open. Some one within was sweeping vigorously and singing as she swept. He caught the words (and the dust) as he came up the steps:

"My countree, 'tis of thee,

Sweet land of libertee." He heard no more of the familiar words, for the little girl-she was ten or eleven, he thought-dropped the broom when she saw him crossing the piazza. He thought that she was coming to the door; but, to his surprise, she promptly sat down on the floor. He raised his hat, but before he could speak she called hospitably: "Won't you come right in? I'd be more polite, but I can't get up."

"Let me help you." he said as he came into the hall. She did not take the hand he stretched out to her, but she smiled at him and displayed a dimple so like Marjorie Crandal's that he knew this must be her little sister.

"I don't want to get up-not just now," she said frankly. Then, at his look of astonishment, she added: "Marjorie will be here soon; she'll show you the rooms. You want to rent one, don't

The young man looked at her and made plans rapidly. "Yes," he said without any perceptible hesitation. "I do. My name is Sterling-Roger Sterfing. Your sister may remember me. I met her when she was visiting near my home last summer." The little girl on the floor looked up at him. "My name is Bess," she said simply. "Marjorie may remember, but I never heard her speak of you. You sit down and wait till she comes."

Roger Sterling dropped into the chair nearest him, but Bess cried in alarm: "Mercy! Not that chair! Take the one by the window; it has all of its legs." Then she said naively, "I s'pose you think it's funny, now, don't you?"

Roger smiled. "Funny?" he echoed. "Yes; me on the floor and that three legged chair and - everything. Well, I'll tell you something if you'll cross your heart you'll never breathe a word."

"I promise," he said solemnly. She breathed a sigh of relief, then leaned forward and said almost in a whisper: "I am sitting here to hide a hole. This carpet and all the bedroom earpets are full of holes. We've just got to do something now papa's dead (here the lips quivered pathetically), so

we're going to rent rooms." Such confidence was a trifling embarrassing to her listener, but he was spared a reply, for the childish voice went on: "I wouldn't tell you if I thought you'd mind the holes, but you don't look as if you'd mind much. Oh, they're covered! There's a rug we lay over this one, but I took it up, 'cause I was sweeping. It's Saturday, you know, and there's no school. Marjorie says it's no diagrace to be poor, and it isn't. but it's dreadfully uncomfortable."

Roger nodded sympathetically and tried to change the subject. "I am glad you have a room to spare," he said. "I am fortunate in finding one so 8000."

"Oh, we have three to spare. You're the first one that's answered our advertisement. I hope you'll want to take your dinners and suppers here We can make more that way... Mrs. Mulligan (that's Kate) is a fine cook. Why, she's been cooking ever since she was sixteen. And she gets up good meals out of almost nothing. But we can't afford to keep her now unless we can make some money renting rooms. Marjorie embroiders linen pieces, but she can't make enough to keep us, you see." She looked at Roger thoughtfully for a minute, "I wish," she said, "that you'd turn your back while I get the rug that covers

He walked to the door and looked out. A slender young woman was coming up the walk. He recognized Marjorio Crandal's fair face and sunny hair. There was a wistful look in the blue eyes now and a tired droop to the mouth that last summer had seemed made for smiles. When she reached the steps he came out on the plazza,

and she looked up quickly. "Why, Mr. Sterling," she said, with a tremulous little smile. "What a surprise! How do you happen to be 'way out west?"

He took the hand she-held out to him and kept it while he explained. "I came here to stay, Miss Crandal.

Father has asked me to take charge of the western branch of our business. My headquarters are in your city. 1 happened to remember that you lived

Happened! Oh. Roger Sterling! "And this morning I looked you up in the directory."

Miss Crandal led the way to the sitting room. Bess was coming out of it, broom in hand.

"So you did remember him, Marjorie?" she said, nodding at Roger. "He came to look at the rooms. I told him

you'd show them to him." Marjorie looked at her caller in sur-

"Yes," he said; "I hope you will take pity on me, a stranger from way down east, and let me come here to live."

"Mercy!" Bess exclaimed. "You don't need to beg us. We're only too glad to get you." Marjoric flushed a rosy red. "Oh, Bess," she said represchfully. "Well, it's so," cried that candid maiden, "and I wish you'd show him the rooms. The front room carpet has

Jorie asked hurriedly, "Will you come upstairs, Mr. Sterling?" Bees run out to the kitchen to tell their good luck to Kate. "I guess you'll stay with us now," she said, "for it's easy to get roomers if you have one to start with. I hope he'll like it here, but Marjorie wasn't as—as—cordial as she might be. I'm going upstairs now. and I'll be real friendly to make up for

the way she acts." She found them in the little back room. "I believe," Mr. Sterling was saying, "that I will take the three rooms if you have no objections, Miss Crandal."

Bess jumped up and down. "Goody! Goody!" she cried. "Katle didn't find a horseshoe for nothing this morning!"

Roger laughed heartily. "I shall think the horseshoe brought me the good luck if your sister says I may move in." "You may have the rooms if you like them," Marjorie said

"They are very pleasant," he hastened to assure her, and Bess beamed at him. On the way downstairs she lingered behind Marjorle that she might say a last word to him. "The meals, you know," she whis-

pered-"don't you want to have them here?" And Marjorie never suspected that it was Bess who had suggested the breakfasts and teas for which their roomer had bargained that day.

After he had gone Marjorie turned to her little sister. "Bess," she cried, "what did you tell him before I came

"Oh, I can't remember all I said.

"You didn't tell him, did you, that I had his picture?" "No. Have you? I wish I'd known

"I'm so thankful you didn't. It was in with some views Aunt Anna gave me when I was visiting there. I didn't know it until I reached home."

"Why didn't you send it back to auntie when you found it?" practical Bess asked, but Marjorie did not seem to hear. "She's afraid be'll think she stole it," the little girl said to berself, "but he wouldn't. I'll tell him just how it was some day."

On Monday Mr. Sterling came, and on Tuesday Bess explained the affair of the picture.

"He wasn't mad at all," she told Kate. "I think he's a very forgiving

The days went swiftly by, and when October came, to drape the old house in scarlet woodbine, something happened-something that astonished Bess. "I never was so surprised in all my life!" she said to Katie. "I was coming down the front stairs a few minutes ago, and there stood Mr. Sterling in the hall with his arm around Marjorie. I said 'Oh!' right out loud-I couldn't help it-and they looked up. Marjoria got real red, but Mr. Sterling just laughed and said, 'Come down here, Bess; you've been a great help to me and I want to thank you.' Now, what in the world did he mean, Katie? 1 went down and he kissed me, and Marjorie kissed me, and I never was so surprised in all my life! What are you laughing at, Katie?"

Politeness Pays. Bilkins cultivated push before politeness. "Politeness is nice enough, but it takes too much time and doesn't pay," he used to declare. But he

doesn't talk that way now. In a Broadway crowd the other day Bilkins was forced chest to chest against a well dressed man. "Scuse me," muttered Bilkins ungraciously,

trying to wriggle past. "My dear sir," said the other man. raising his hat with his left hand, "you need not make any excuses. The fault is not yours, and, besides, you have done me no injury. Even if you had I would know it was the accidental result of the crush, and I would hold you entirely blameless. I hope I have not inconvenienced you. Good afternoon,

Then the man put on his bat, and Bilkins and he squeezed by each other. Bilkins was dazed. "Whew!" he said to himself. . "What a string of words, and just to be polite! But I'm late for that appointment, I'll bet! What's the

Bilkins felt for his watch. It and the chain were missing. The other man was out of sight. Politeness had paid him.-New York Press.

"Did you be that notice of your marriage in the papah, Weginald?" "Naw, old chapple. What did it say?" "Said you acted dishonowably in wunning away with the girl."

"Naw! Well, these-aw-newspapahs don't know anything anyway."

"It said the girl was too good for

"Aw-I don't mind." "It said you was a dude and didn't have any brains, y' knaw." "Aw-did it? Well, I don't mind."

"It said you didn't know anything outside of dwess." "I don't care, old chappie."

"And it said your collab was out of style now." "Naw, old fellah; you aw-don't

"That's what it said." "By Gawge, it's insulting. W-hat papah was it. Oscah? I'll-I'll-I'll sue it fah libel. I won't-aw-stand it!"-Chicago Post.

A Painful Thought. Two small boys returned from school and complained to their father that the schoolmaster had pulled their hair, "Ah," said the wise parent, "Til soon put that to rights." And thereupon he cropped the heads of the boys until there was hardly enough to lay hold of. The next day the schoolmaster pulled the ears of the boys. As they were nearing home Tom said to Harry, "I'll tell father what the schoolmaster's done." "Don't," said Harry. "Mebbe fewer"- She paused guiltily, and Mar | he'll cut our ears off."

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